

## **Boyz II Men** "Work It Out"

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[Intro] Yeah, NFL, Boyz II Men Characters baby Meet me on the dance floor, come on

[Nafis]

Yo

It's like this, in a nice miss we faked it some tight whips Chromed out (\*edited\*) out tokens'll right this That frozen alley had my lip on some mad (\*edited\*) Cuz we stack chips, had us grove to a plat' list When they see us, yeah run They hopin' out the Beamers, Pourches Range Rovers and Hummers My crew the cleanest, we the grittiest, back the meanest chick Get the Nafis dip, bouncers at the door clear the path It's Nafis forever clique

[Boys II Men] Have them take a place People sittin' 'round Riders on the side No one's even tried to get down Brotha's being fly Ladies acting shy Ain't no doubt to loose I'm gon' get my groove on tonight Gotta dance, gotta dance, gotta dance

[1] - Ain't no use in holding up the wall Come and get that body on the floor

Baby, lose control and scream and shout Get your boogie down and work it out

Everybody's out, party's going on And we're gonna rock until the sunlight crash and dawn ('Till the break of dawn) Ain't a thing that you can do When the rhythm's calling you Let it work it's way right into you

Gotta dance, gotta dance, gotta dance

[Repeat 1 ] [Repeat 1 ]

Na na

## [Garrison Hearst]

Make it move there's no need to hold back now
Hit the floor, let loose and watch me break this down
Keep it mellow or we can get wild
See you haters in the corner tryin' to peep my style
You want my stash, gold, checks, sports illustrated
I'm motivated by the fact that I'm being hated
Now my pockets swell, game straight outta ATL
G-land, Boyz II Men, work it out
What's the deal

[Repeat 1]
[Repeat 1]

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